A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF ALL

CHRISTIANS.

Selected from the moſt approved AUTHORS; and ſome COMPOSED.

By the REV. J. B.

HEREFORD:
Printed and Sold by W. H. PARKER, Broad Capuchin-Lane, 1787.

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HYMNS, &c.

HYMN I.

O JESUS let thy ſervice be,
My pleaſure and my liberty;
Thy glory and thy Zion's fame,
Be all my happineſs and aim.

Enrich my ſoul with heav'nly grace,
That I may right thy precepts trace,
That I may keep the narrow way,
Which leads me to an endleſs day.

Make me uſeful while I'm here,
Thy name to praiſe thy Saints to cheer;
Thy people to refreſh with grace,
And ſinners brought that to embrace.

While here I am thus ſo employ'd,
Leave me not from the truth to ſlide;
But firmly ſtand to truth and grace,
In the midſt of a wicked race.

And when I've done my work below,
May I to Heaven be meet to go,
Where happineſs complete will be,
The glorious Jeſus for to ſee.

With all the heav'nly hosts above,
Enamour'd with most ardent love;
Admiring and adoring too,
With all the ransom'd retinue.

HYMN II.

THE Gospel of graces the message of peace,
Shall reach all the chosen the ransomed race,
They will it receive, being brought to believe,
And joyfully praise the Lord for their retrieve.
Their glory will be the Saviour to see,
And of his great bounties take plentifully,
Tho' wicked men may against them much say,
Yet forward to Canaan they hold on their way.
Tho' darkness arise and doubting likewise,
Yet grace is sufficient and will them suffice
'Till they are brought to the Lord's retinue,
Then to all their troubles they will bid adieu.

Their joys will be great now they are
compleat,
Each brought into Heaven and plac'd in
his ſeat;
There having great fame for ever the
ſame,
Abounding in praiſe to Chriſt's glorious
name.

HYMN III.

THO' ſinners are immers'd in ſin,
And firm in Satan's hold;
Yet they ſhall riſe for to begin,
Chriſt's glory to behold.

Tho' they the law of God tranſgreſs,
And are condemn'd to die;
Yet Chriſt hath wrought a righteouſneſs,
The law to ſatisfy.

So free for e'er they ſhall be made,
From ſin and wrath likewiſe:
In Chriſt's own precepts they ſhall tread,
Who is their ſacrifice.

Tho' oppoſition great they meet
Without, and from within;

Yet they ſhall find Chriſt's words moſt ſweet,
The vict'ry for to win.
Grace ſhall to them ſufficient be,
To ſtrengthen and preſerve:
To bring them near Chriſt's face to ſee,
And him alone to ſerve.

HYMN IV.

THRICE happy thoſe who are,
Convinced of their ſin, *John* xvi. 8.
Enlighten'd for to ſee the ſnare,
Which Satan holds them in.
Tho' enmity is in *Rom.* viii. 7.
Their hearts againſt the Lord;
Grace will make them for to begin
To love his holy word.
If carnal is their mind,
And won't of grace partake; 1 *Cor.* ii. 14.
Grace will them overcome they'll find,
And all for Jeſu's ſake.
The ſpirit does them ſhew,
Their ſinful wretched ſtate;
And does make them bow very low,
The ſame for to relate. *Acts* ix. 11.

But it does not them leave
Here, in this present state,
It does bring them Christ to receive,
Before it is too late. *Ps.* cx. 3.
The Comforter will come,
Christ's glory to reveal:
It shews the blood of Christ to some,
And grace, them for to heal.
John xvi. 14. 15.
This all their wants supplies,
Now and for evermore;
And will abundantly suffice,
Christ only to adore. 2 *Cor.* xii. 9.

HYMN V.

REV. iii. 20.

BEhold! I stand, says Christ the Lord,
Who ought by all to be ador'd;
Stands waiting to display his grace,
In this waste doleful wilderness. *Is.* xxx. 18
Stands waiting for admittance in,
To save from sorrow and from sin;
Waiting to shew his glory great,
Which is of all the most complete.

He's

He's knocking too as we are taught,
At hearts who for him never fought,
Isaiah lxv. 1.
Who never knew their need of him,
'Till he in them his work begun.
Knocking with his word of power,
Songs v. 2.
To save us in a trying hour;
To save us from all grief and shame,
And bring us back to God again.
To banquet with the Lord of life,
Surrounded here with sin and strife;
But when he does from hence us take,
Then of our joy how shall I speak.

Psalm xvi. 11.

HYMN VI.

JOHN xi. 28.

JESUS the master, Lord of all,
Of earth and Heaven too;
The author of this earthly ball,
And all its retinue.
When plung'd in sin and sorrow great,
Was fallen wretched man;

He

He fled from his most brilliant seat,
His love to tell, who can?
In lowliness the Saviour came,
His people to release;
He will them from their sin reclaim,
Them to make a royal race.
He came himself men for to call,
Who were in sin gone far;
To bring them to himself back all,
And of his grace to share.
His word of everlasting life,
With power shall prevail;
Shall free them from all sin and strife,
And Christ alone to hail.
With Christ alone for e'er to dwell,
In seats prepar'd above;
To wear a crown, oh! who can tell? 2 *Tim.*
How great is Jesu's love! [iv. 8.

HYMN VII.

GO forth in spirit go,
Glad tidings to proclaim;
The word of life abroad to sow,
Vile sinners to reclaim.

Faith

Faith will for you prevail,
O'er oppositions great;
'Twill keep you humble in the vale
That leads to Heaven's gate.

All doubts and fears that rise,
Shall presently subside;
Thro' faith in Christ our sacrifice,
Who for us freely dy'd.

With boldness then his love
Declare to sinners round,
Proclaim aloud that Christ's above,
Wearing a heav'nly crown.

And has much grace in store,
For sinful ruin'd men;
And does throw open Heaven's door,
Resist his love, who can?

HYMN VIII.

THE worth of one immortal soul,
Oh! how exceeding great!
No finite being can the whole
Describe, or half relate.

Then how much more must Christ excell,
Who did for sin atone;

Who

Who ſaves us from going down to Hell,
All thro' himſelf alone.

Who did at once a ranſom pay,
Sufficient for all ſin;
And does us back to heaven convey,
Eternal life to win.

In him there is a plenitude
Of grace and love divine;
Thro' which our ſpirits are renew'd,
And made in Heaven to ſhine.

The lowly Jeſus for to praiſe,
Now and for evermore;
To ſhout aloud for joy always,
And Chriſt alone adore.

N. B. *When I firſt found it neceſſary to have this Book printed, I thought to have compoſed the whole; but then having a great liking to ſome* Hymns, *in ſome other Collections, that have been profitable to me; therefore I was led to ſelect the following.*

HYMN IX.

O Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is my repose,
That thou, my mortal frame who rear'd,
Its various weakness knows.

Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
Whilst struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father, and our God.

Supported by thy changeless love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where every sorrow shall remove,
And ev'ry sin shall cease.

The more my frailty here is try'd,
The more I toil and grieve,
The more thy grace is glorify'd,
Which shall the victory give.

HYMN X.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

Thy

Thy shining grace can chear
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are;
'Tis Heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,
The Angels owe their bliss,
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the harps above,
Can make a heav'nly place;
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

Not earth nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence Lord.

Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;

And yet how far from thee I lie,
Dear Jesus raise me higher.

HYMN XI.

COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind,
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd,
To make our pleasures less.

The eternal God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heav'nly powers,
To carry us above.

There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin,
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we arrive,
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

The

The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below:
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields,
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN XII.

IF any aſk the reaſon why,
We here together meet;
To which inquiries we reply,
To bow at Jeſus's feet.

Do you of us again demand,
Wherefore we here are come:
We are trav'ling to a diſtant land,
For this is not our home.

If blind the natives ſtill remain,
And don't the reaſon know;

For

For Egypt we reply again,
We on to Canaan go.
And if you will not with us go,
Do not us ill intreat;
Your land we're only travling thro,
Our Saviour God to meet.
And when we meet our dearest Lord,
Then we shall be at home;
And there receive a great reward,
A Kingdom and a Crown.

HYMN XIII.

SINNERS attend, attend I pray,
And hear the Gospel word;
Regard your visitation day,
And entertain your Lord.
He calls unto the sons of men,
His offer'd grace to prove;
That they in seeking may attain
Repentance, faith, and love.
Give me thy heart, the Saviour cries,
Justly he doth it claim;
Oh! do not then his call despise,
But give it to the Lamb.

His

His arms are open to receive
Whoever to him flies;
Pardon and present peace to give,
And love that never dies.

Jesus our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Thou friend of sinners come;
Descend, kind comforter, and bring
The great Salvation down.

HYMN XIV.

GOD of my life to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint,
Where but with thee whose open door,
Invites the helpless and the poor.

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea;
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain.

Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;

And

And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN XV.

IN Christ my treasure's all contain'd,
By him my feeble soul's sustain'd;
From him I all things do receive,
Thro' him my soul does daily live.

With him I daily love to walk,
Of him my soul delights to talk;
On him I cast my ev'ry care,
Like him one day I shall appear.

Bless him my soul from day to day,
Trust him to bring thee on thy way:
Give him thy poor weak sinful heart,
With him, oh! never, never part.

Take him for strength and righteousness,
Make him thy refuge in distress;
Love him above all earthly joy,
And him in every thing employ.

Praise him in chearful grateful songs,
To him your highest praise belongs;
To him who does your heaven prepare,
And him you'll praise for ever there.

HYMN

HYMN XVI.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair,
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one chearful beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glim'ring day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace,
Beheld our hapleſs grief:
He ſaw, and (oh amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

Down from the ſhining ſeats above
With joyful haſte he fled:
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

Oh! for this love let rocks and hills,
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak!

Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you riſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN XVII.

GLORY to God on high,
Let Heaven and earth reply.
Praiſe ye his name!
Angels his love adore,
Who all our ſorrows bore,
And Saints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!
All they around the throne
Chearfully join in one,
Praiſing his name!
We who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

Join all the ranſom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bleſs:
Praiſe ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noiſe,
And ſhout, with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!
Tho' we muſt change our place,
Yet ſhall we never ceaſe
Praiſing his name:

To

To him we'll tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN XVIII.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

'Twas grace that wrote my name
In thy eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet;
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;

'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
Grace all the work ſhall crown,
Through everlaſting days;
It lays in Heaven the top-moſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.
O let thy grace inſpire
My ſoul with ſtrength divine!
May all my pow'rs to Thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

HYMN XIX.

HOW happy are we,
Our election who ſee,
And can venture our ſouls on thy gracious decree!
In Jeſus approv'd,
From eternity lov'd;
And held in his hand whence we cannot be mov'd!

'Tis ſweet to recline
On thy boſom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to Thine:
While borne from above,
And upheld by Thy love,
We with ſinging and triumph to Sion remove.

As

As doves we have preſt
To the ark of thy breaſt,
That harbor of ſafety, that centre of reſt:
Thou haſt taken us in,
Thou haſt cancel'd our ſin,
And ſown the ſure ſeed of ſalvation within.

Our ſeeking thy face
Was the fruit of thy grace;
Thy goodneſs deſerves, and ſhall have all the praiſe:
No ſinner can be,
Beforehand with thee:
Thy grace is preventing, almighty and free.

Effectually drawn,
We came to thy Son;
And Thou'lt perfect the work, for the work was thy own:
Thy breath, from above,
The ſpark ſhall improve!
No floods can extinguiſh our dawning of love.

HYMN XX.

COME, let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
For all their joys are one.

Worthy

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was ſlain for us!

Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of Him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XXI.

BY me, O my Saviour, ſtand,
In ev'ry trying hour;
Guard me with thy out-ſtretch'd hand,
And hold me with thy power:
Mindful of thy faithful word,
Thine all-ſufficient grace beſtow;
Keep me, keep me, deareſt Lord,
And never let me go.

Give me, Lord, an holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,

That

That I may from evil near,
With speedy care depart:
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness shew;
Keep me, keep me, &c.
Let me never leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray:
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way;
My exceeding great reward,
In heav'n above, and earth below;
Keep me, keep me, &c.
Never let me go, 'till I,
Up-borne on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above:
Thou hast past thy gracious word,
That Thou wilt bring me safely thro';
Thou wilt, therefore, keep me, Lord,
Nor ever let me go.

HYMN XXII.

BELOVED Saviour, faithful friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train;
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain.

In

In vain we meet to ſing and pray,
If Chriſt his influence with-hold;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
'Till we our God by faith behold.

Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciled face;
Yea, prove thy preſence in theſe means,
To bleſs a vile and helpleſs race.

Here manifeſt thyſelf in peace,
Thy faithful mercies now make known;
Oh! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And ſend the cheering bleſſing down.

We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know Thee as Thou art;
We bow as ſinners at thy feet,
And bid Thee welcome to our heart.

HYMN XXIII.

DEAR Lord, attend our prayer,
And all our wants relieve;
Come to our hearts, and dwell thou there,
That Thou in us may'ſt live!
In weakneſs we draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace;

Anſwer

Answer a sinner's mournful cry,
And fill us with thy peace.

Thou read'st the naked breast,
For liberty we groan;
We sigh in Thee, our Lord, to rest,
And worship Thee alone.

If trials vex our mind,
Close to thy wounds we'll flee;
No refuge may we elsewhere find,
But what we find in Thee.

To Thee we come, our Friend,
As sinners poor indeed;
On Thee for future grace depend,
Our help in ev'ry need.

HYMN XXIV.

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travel
On a glorious day of grace,
Blessed jubilee, &c.
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conqueſt,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the goſpel, &c.
Word reſound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that ſit in darkneſs,
Let them have the glorious light,
And from eaſtern coaſt to weſtern,
May the morning chace the night,
And redemption, &c.
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

May the glorious day approaching,
From eternal darkneſs dawn,
And the everlaſting goſpel
Spread abroad thy holy name;
All the borders, &c.
Of the great Immanuel's land.

Fly abroad thou mighty goſpel,
Win and conquer, never ceaſe;
May thy laſting wide dominions
Multiply, and ſtill increaſe;
May thy ſceptre, &c.
Sway th' enlighten'd world around.

HYMN XXV.

HOW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from God's sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief;
We would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help our unbelief.

To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we wash our spotted souls
From crimes of deepest dye.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thine hands we fall;
Be Thou our strength, and righteousness,
Our Jesus, and our All.

HYMN XXVI.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll purſue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holineſs
I'll go for all his paths are peace.

No ſtranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and ſin;
No lion,—no devouring eare,
No ſin, nor ſorrow ſhall be there.

No, nothing may go up thereon
But trav'ling ſouls, and I am one;
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

This is the way I long had ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppreſt with unbelief and ſin.

The more I ſtroye againſt their pow'r,
I ſinn'd and ſtumbled but the more,
'Till late I heard my Saviour ſay,
"Come hither, ſoul, I am the way."

Lo!

Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shall take me to Thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!

HYMN XXVII.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast:
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come,

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee, as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;
Glory in thy dying love.

Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secur'd by Thee:
Change from glory into glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place;
'Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN XXVIII.

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally;
Worthy friend of sinners, come,
Fill and make my heart thy home.

Oftentimes for Thee I sigh,
Nothing else can give me joy:

This

This is ſtill my cry to Thee,
Deareſt Jeſus, come to me.
Could I clearly ſee above,
What thy ſaints poſſeſs in love;
All would be but miſery,
Except Jeſus was with me.

Son of God my deareſt Lord,
All my crown and my reward:
Thou who freely dy'dſt for me,
Shalt alone my bridegroom be.

HYMN XXIX.

With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong;
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

To God I cry'd, when troubles roſe;
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my foes:
My riſing fears he did controul,
And ſtrength diffus'd thro' all my ſoul.

Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand:
His words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows, and from ſins:
The work that wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

HYMN XXX.

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one ſpirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go:
And ſtill in Jeſu's footſteps tread,
And do his work below.

O let us ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beſide!
Nothing deſire, nor ought eſteem,
But Jeſus crucify'd.

Cloſer, and cloſer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace:
Out of his fulneſs to receive,
And plenteous grace for grace.

But let us haſten to the day
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore,

When

When vanquish'd death shall shrink away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN XXXI.

O What shall I do my Saviour to praise;
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer, that hangs upon him!
How happy the man whose heart is set free;
The people that can be joyful in Thee;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face;
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right, thy righteousness claim,
Thy righteousness wearing, an cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
For thou art their boast, their glory and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,

My ſoul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of ſalvation that lifts up my head.

Yes, Lord, I ſhall ſee the bliſs of thine own,
Thy ſecret to me ſhall ſoon be made known;
For ſorrow and ſadneſs I joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the gladneſs of all that believe.

HYMN XXXII.

FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe!
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies Lord,
Eternal truths attend thy word:
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more!

HYMN XXXIII.

HOW bleſt are they whoſe feet have found
The way unto Immanuel's ground;
And ſtedfaſt walk the bliſsful road
Far from the paths by ſinners trod.

Their

Their weary ſpirits ſweetly reſt,
Contentedly on Jeſu's breaſt;
They ſo much of his mercy prove,
As wins their grateful ſouls to love.

His Spirit ſhews their ſins forgiv'n,
And ſeals them for the heirs of heav'n;
And gives them patience here to wait,
'Till Jeſus them to bliſs tranſlate.

He arms them for the evil day,
That they in heart with him may ſtay,
He girds them with his mighty power,
And brings them through the trying hour.

Then reſt, my ſoul, upon the Lord,
Ev'n Jeſus Chriſt, the living word,
And then thy joy ſhall ne'er decay,
'Till it break out in endleſs day.

HYMN XXXIV.

ALL ye that paſs by, to Jeſus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jeſus ſhould [die?
Our ranſom and peace, our ſurety he is;
Come, ſee if there ever was ſorrow like his.

The Lord in the day of his anger did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them
away!
He dies to atone for sins not his own:
The Father hath punish'd for us his dear
Son.
O may we embrace the ransoming grace
Of Him who hath suffer'd and dy'd in our
place.
With joy we approve the design of his love;
'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder above.
He came from above our curse to remove;
He hath lov'd, He hath lov'd us, because
he would love.
When time is no more, we still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or
shore.

HYMN XXXV.

COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
Dear Lord, we fain would be;
Our helpless hearts to Thee look up,
To Thee our shepherd flee.

O might

O might we lean upon that breaſt,
Which love and pity fill;
And now become thoſe Lambs careſt,
That in thy boſom dwell.

How ſweet that voice, how ſweet that hand,
Which leads to paſtures fair;
Shews Canaan's milk and honey land,
Lot of thy flock ſo dear.

As one in heart, we all rejoice,
The ſinner's friend to praiſe;
The Shepherd dy'd, Oh, 'tis his voice!
He'll us to glory raiſe.

HYMN XXXVI.

HARK! my ſoul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jeſus ſpeaks, and ſpeaks to thee;
"Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me?

I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, ſet thee right,
Turn'd thy darkneſs into light."

Can a woman's tender care
Ceaſe towards the child ſhe bare?

Yes,

Yes, ſhe may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember Thee.

" Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, ſtrong as death.

Thou ſhalt ſee my glory ſoon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne ſhall be,
Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt Thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

HYMN XXXVII.

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe,
Who have never heard his name!

Could

Could my heart ſo hard remain,
Pray'r a taſk and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

When I turn'd my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and ſin,
Can I deem myſelf a child?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin, a grief, and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

Could I joy his ſaints to meet,
Chooſe the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

Lord, decide the doubtful caſe;
Thou who art thy people's ſun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;

If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN XXXVIII.

WELCOME, welcome, bleſſed ſervant,
Meſſenger of Jeſu's grace!
O how beautiful the feet of
Him that brings good news of peace.
All hail, Herald! all hail, Herald! &c.
Prieſt of God, thy people's joy!

Saviour, bleſs his meſſage to us,
Give us hearts to hear the ſound
Of redemption, dearly purchas'd
By thy death and precious wounds;
O reveal it! O reveal it! &c.
To our poor and helpleſs ſouls!

Give reward of grace and glory,
To thy faithful labourer dear,
Let the incenſe of our hearts be
Offer'd up in faith and pray'r.
Bleſs, O bleſs him; bleſs, O bleſs him, &c.
Now, henceforth, for evermore.

HYMN XXXIX.

SALVATION! O the joyful ſound!
What pleaſure to our ears!
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Bleſſing, honor, praiſe and power, &c.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound!
Bleſſing, honor, praiſe and power, &c.

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praiſe belongs;
Salvation ſhall inſpire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Bleſſing, honor, praiſe and power, &c.

HYMN XL.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint, or die;
My ſoul ſhall quit the mournful vale,
And ſoar to worlds on high:

Shall join the diſembodied ſaints,
And find its long-ſought reſt,
(That only reſt for which it pants)
On the Redeemer's breaſt.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the croſs ſuſtain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And ſmile at toil and pain:

I travel my appointed years,
'Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his ſervant's tears,
And take his exile home.

O what hath Jeſus bought for me!
Before my raviſh'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I ſee,
And trees of Paradiſe:

I ſee a world of ſpirits bright,
Who taſte the pleaſures there;
They all are rob'd in radiant white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

Lord what are all my ſufferings here,
If thou but make me meet,
With that enraptur'd hoſt t'appear,
And worſhip at thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life and friends away;

But

But let me find them all again
In that eternal day!

HYMN XLI.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that ſacred head,
For ſuch a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man his creature's ſin.

Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While thy dear croſs appears;
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
That debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myſelf away,
O help me ſo to do.

HYMN XLII.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of Thee:
No muſic, like thy lovely name,
Does ſound ſo ſweet to me!
O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us ſpeak!
And in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchiſedec! Hallelujah.

Our Jeſus ſhall be ſtill our theme,
While in this world we ſtay;
We'll ſing our Jeſu's lovely name,
When all things elſe decay:
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And Jeſus be our ſong. Hallelujah.

HYMN XLIII.

COME, Holy Spirit come;
Let thy bright beams ariſe;
Diſpel the ſorrow from our minds,
The darkneſs from our eyes.

Cheer

Cheer our deſponding hearts,
With viſitations ſweet;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our ſin,
Then lead to Jeſu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The ſecret love of God.

Shew us the ſinner's Friend,
That rules the courts of bliſs,
The Lord of hoſts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.

'Tis thine to cleanſe the heart,
T'illuminate the ſoul;
To pour freſh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

HYMN XLIV.

HE dies! the Friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies,
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!

Come

Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
For Him who groan'd beneath your load!
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you;
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his riſe!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains;
Say, Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem! and ſtrong to ſave!
Then aſk the monſter—"*Where's thy ſting?*
"*And, where's thy victory, boaſting grave?*"

HYMN XLV.

IF Jeſus is ours,
We have a true friend,
Whoſe goodneſs endures
The ſame to the end:

Our

Our comforts may vary,
  Our frames may decline,
We cannot miſcarry,
  Our aid is divine.

Tho' God may delay
  To ſhew us his light,
And heavineſs may
  Endure for a night,
Yet joy, in the morning,
  Shall ſurely abound,
No ſhadow of turning
  In Jeſus is found.

The hills may depart,
  And mountains remove,
But faithful Thou art
  O fountain of love!
The Father hath graven
  Our names on thy hands;
Our building in heaven
  Eternally ſtands.

A moment He hid
  The light of his face;
Yet firmly decreed
  To ſave us by grace:

And

And though he reprov'd us,
And ſtill may reprove,
For ever he lov'd us,
And ever will love.

Then tune ev'ry ſtring
To Jeſus's name!
With angels we'll ſing
The ſong of the Lamb:
Thee ev'ry believer
Shall joyfully praiſe,
Thou bountiful giver
Of glory and grace.

HYMN XLVI.

HOLY Ghoſt, inſpire our praiſes,
Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues!
Laud we now thy name, O Jeſus,
Heav'n ſhall echo with our ſongs.

Ev'ry ſtate, howe'er diſtreſſing,
Shall be profit in the end;
Ev'ry ordinance a bleſſing;
Ev'ry providence a friend.

Bleſſed Lord, be thou our teacher,
Helper, counſellor, and guide;

Speak

Speak the promiſe thro' the preacher,
And the hearing ear provide.
Vain is learning, parts, or merit,
Vain the native pow'rs of man;
Jeſus! ſend thy Holy Spirit,
So diſplay the Goſpel plan.

HYMN XLVII.

O GOD, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Thy ſaints have dwelt ſecure;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

Thou turneſt man, O Lord, to duſt,
Of which he firſt was made;
And, when Thou ſpeak'ſt the word, "Return,"
'Tis inſtantly obey'd.

But, "I am with you," ſaith the Lord,
"My ſaints ſhall ſafe abide:
"Nor will I e'er forſake my own,
"For whom the Saviour dy'd."

Through ev'ry ſcene of life and death
Thy promiſe is our truſt:
And this ſhall be our children's ſong,
When we are cold in duſt.

O God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard, while life ſhall laſt,
And our eternal home.

HYMN XLVIII.

JESU, at thy command
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where ſin lulls all aſleep:
For Thee I fain would all reſign,
And ſail to heav'n with Thee and Thine.

What though the ſeas are broad,
What though the waves are ſtrong,
What though tempeſtuous winds
Diſtreſs me all along;
Yet what are ſeas or ſtormy wind
Compar'd to Chriſt, the ſinner's friend?

Chriſt is my Pilot wiſe,
My compaſs is his word:
My ſoul each ſtorm defies,
While I have ſuch a Lord.

I truſt

I truſt his faithfulneſs and power
To ſave me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quickſands deep
Through all my paſſage lie,
Yet Chriſt ſhall ſafely keep
And guide me with his eye:
How can I ſink with ſuch a prop,
That bears the world and all things up?

By faith I ſee the land,
The heav'n of endleſs reſt,
My ſoul thy wings expand,
And fly to Jeſu's breaſt.
Oh may I reach the heav'nly ſhore,
Where winds and ſeas diſtreſs no more.

Where'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my ſtorms ſubſide,
Then to my ſuccour fly
And keep me near thy ſide;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempeſts burſting o'er my head.

Come, heav'nly Wind, and blow
A proſperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heav'n my deſtin'd place;
Then in full ſail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and ſin behind.

HYMN XLIX.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near,
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.

That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
And all-prevailing plea.

My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can he with-hold?

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

HYMN

HYMN L.

O Come, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee:
Seal Thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

How can it be, Thou heav'nly King,
That Thou shouldst man to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

O Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought:
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

First-born of many brethren Thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow:
Help us to Thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

HYMN LI.

O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom
no man can save, With

With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd:
Loud roaring, the billows now high overwhelm,
But skilful's the pilot, who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

O fearful! O faithless! in mercy He cries,
My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Thro' tempest and toiling I'll bring thee to land.

Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain:
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suff'ring for thee.

I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;

In all thy diſtreſſes thy head feels the pain,
Yet all are moſt needful, not one is in vain.

Then truſt me, and fear not; thy life is ſecure;
My wiſdom is perfect, ſupreme is my pow'r;
In love I correct thee, thy ſoul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likneſs to ſhine.

The fooliſh, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpleſs, the hopeleſs, I hear their ſad pray'r;
From all their afflictions my glory ſhall ſpring;
And the deeper their ſorrows, the louder they'll ſing.

HYMN LII.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful ſound,
Louder than a thouſand thunders,
Shakes the vaſt creation round!
How the ſummons will the ſinner's heart confound.

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloath'd in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day
for thine.

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature shaken
By his look, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, what will then become
of thee?

Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
In that awful day will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at
stake.

But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below;
He will say, "Come near ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever shall my love and glory
know."

HYMN LIII.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

'Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The Holy, just, and sacred THREE
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sin.

While some on their own works rely,
And some of wisdom boast,
I love th' *Incarnate Mystery*,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN LIV.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix us on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!
Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thine help I come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's mine heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from the courts above.

HYMN LV.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me!

I once

I once was loſt, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I ſee.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I firſt believ'd.

Thro' many dangers, toils, and ſnares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me ſafe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

Yes, when this fleſh and heart ſhall fail,
And mortal life ſhall ceaſe,
I ſhall poſſeſs within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

HYMN LVI.

THOU Shepherd of Iſr'el divine,
The joy of the contrite in heart;
For cloſer communion they pine,
Still, ſtill to reſide where thou art.
The paſture, Oh! when ſhall we find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy boſom reclin'd,
Are ſkreen'd from the heat of the day?

Ah! shew us that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God.
Thy love for lost sinners declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree,
Our spirits to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only we'd covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there we would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN LVII.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

Jeſus! my Shepherd, Huſband, Friend,
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee Thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe Thee as I ought.

'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the Muſic of thy name
Refreſh my ſoul in death.

HYMN LVIII.

STOP, poor ſinner! ſtop and think,
Before you farther go;
Will you ſport upon the brink
Of everlaſting woe?
All your ſins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood crimſon dye;

Each

Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

Say, have you an arm like God,
That you His will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

Tho' your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Tho' they now despise his grace)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know;
Tho' his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus dy'd,
Sinners he invites to come;
None who come shall be deny'd,
He says, "There still is room,"

HYMN LIX.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid ev'ry string awake.

Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

Fasten'd within the vail,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving spirit the sweet gale,
That wafts you smooth along.

Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come;
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

The people of His choice
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's Mount to stay.

When

When we in darkneſs walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame,
Then is the time to truſt our God,
And reſt upon his name.

Soon ſhall our doubts and fears
Subſide at his controul:
His loving kindneſs ſhall break through
The midnight of the ſoul.

HYMN LX.

JESUS, all praiſe is due to Thee,
That Thou waſt pleas'd a man to be!
A Virgin's womb Thou didſt not ſcorn,
And angels ſhout to ſee Thee born.
Hallelujah!

The bleſſed Father's only Son
Chuſeth a manger for his throne;
And, tho' the high and mighty God,
Aſſumes our feeble fleſh and blood.
Hallelujah!

Whom earth could not contain, nor ſkies,
In low eſtate the Saviour lies;
And who the world's foundation laid,
Is now a little *Infant* made. Hallelujah!

The

The Father's brightneſs comes in ſight,
Gives to the world its ſaving light;
And drives the clouds of ſin away,
To make us children of the day.
Hallelujah!

The Son, the Almighty God confeſs'd,
In his own world became a gueſt;
And open'd through Himſelf the way,
A paſſage to eternal day. Hallelujah!

And therefore poor on earth He came,
That we might all his riches claim,
To make us heirs of endleſs bliſs,
With all thoſe choſen ſaints of His.
Hallelujah!

For us theſe wonders He hath wrought,
To ſhew his love, ſurpaſſing thought!
Then let us all unite to ſing
Praiſe to our loving God and King.
Hallelujah!

HYMN LXI.

PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praiſe the holy God of love,
And all his greatneſs ſhew.

Praiſe Him for his noble deeds,
Praiſe him for his matchleſs power;
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heav'n adore.
Publiſh, ſpread to all around
The great Immanuel's name:
Let the trumpet's martial ſound
Him Lord of hoſts proclaim:
Praiſe Him, ev'ry tuneful ſtring,
All the reach of heav'nly art;
All the pow'rs of muſic bring,
The muſic of the heart.
Him in whom they move and live,
Let ev'ry creature ſing:
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King.
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heav'n on earth ador'd;
Praiſe the Lord in ev'ry breath,
Let all things praiſe the Lord.

HYMN LXII.

LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,

To

To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind!
T'adore the great atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

Jeſus! tranſporting ſound!
The joy of earth and heav'n:
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can ſalvation have;
But Jeſus came the world to ſave.

Jeſus! harmonious name!
It charms the hoſt above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to ſee our Jeſu's face.

His name the ſinner hears,
And is from guilt ſet free:
'Tis muſic in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

HYMN LXIII.

HARK! the herald-angels ſing,
Glory to the new-born King!

Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and ſinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies;
With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
"Chriſt is born in Bethlehem!"

Chriſt, by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offſpring of a Virgin's womb.

Veil'd in fleſh the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' Incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jeſus our Immanuel here.

Mild He lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

Come, deſire of nations, come
Fix in us thy humble home;
Riſe, the woman's conqu'ring ſeed,
Bruiſe in us the ſerpent's head.

HYMN LXIV.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And ſinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Waſh'd all my ſins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never looſe its pow'r,
'Till all the ranſom'd church of God
Be ſav'd, to ſin no more.

E'er ſince, by faith I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be 'till I die.

Then in a nobler, ſweeter ſong
I'll ſing thy pow'r to ſave;
When this poor liſping ſtamm'ring tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou haſt prepar'd
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis ſtrung, and tun'd for endleſs years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To ſound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine.

HYMN LXV.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin,
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord! I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN LXVI.

IS there a thing that moves and breaks
A heart as hard as ſtone,
Or warms a heart as cold as ice?
'Tis Jeſu's blood alone.
One drop of this can truly cheer
And heal the wounded ſoul;
What multitude of broken hearts
This living ſtream makes whole!

Hark, O my ſoul! what ſing the choirs
Around the glorious throne?
Hark! the ſlain Lamb for evermore
Sounds in the ſweeteſt tone!
The elders there caſt down their crowns,
And all both night and day
Sing praiſe to Him, who ſhed his blood,
And waſh'd their guilt away.

And this, while here, will we proclaim,
Cheerful in our degree;
That thro' the blood of God's dear Lamb,
Each ſoul may happy be.
But Thou, O Lord; make ev'ry day
Thy grace to us more ſweet,
'Till we behold thy wounded ſide,
And worſhip at thy feet.

HYMN LXVII.

JESUS is all my hope,
His death is all my boaſt;
But for his ſov'reign grace
I ſhould be ever loſt;
Redeeming blood, and dying love,
Here be my theme, and when above.

All, that remains for me
Is but to love and ſing,
Admire and adore
My Saviour, God, and King;
Each ſtripe, each bruiſe, each bleeding wound
Speaks love and peace to all around.

O happy, ſweeter name
Than e'er the world did know,
More of thy ſmiling grace
Freely on me beſtow;
And let me taſte that ardent love
That ſaints and martyrs taſte above.

So all my doubts and fears
Shall wholly flee away,
And ev'ry mournful night
Be turn'd to joyful day;
And all the world ſhall plainly ſee
Thou art a faithful friend to me.

HYMN LXVIII.

COME, Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee!
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne;

HYMN LXIX.

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive,
From Jesus, my Redemer's hands,
My soul, what canst Thou give?

Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,
For all he has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.
I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe him most.

HYMN LXX.

O JESUS my Saviour, I fain would embrace
Thy name and thy nature, thy Spirit and grace,
And trace the dear footsteps of Jesus my Lord,
And glory in Him whom the nation abhor'd.

O wonder of wonders! astonish'd I gaze,
To see in the manger the ancient of days;
And angels proclaiming the stranger forlorn,
And telling the shepherds that Jesus is born.

My God, my Creator, the heav'ns did bow
To ransom offenders, and stoop'd very low;
The body prepar'd by his Father assumes,
And on the kind errand most joyfully comes,
For thousands of sinners the Lord bow'd his head,
For thousands of sinners He groan'd and he bled:
My spirit rejoices, the work it is done;
My soul is redeemed, salvation is won.

My God is return'd to glory on high;
When death makes a passage, then to Him I'll fly;
And gladly will leave all my brethren behind,
Expecting in glory we all shall be join'd.

HYMN LXXI.

HARK! the glad sound! Messiah comes!
The Saviour, promis'd long!

Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
He comes the pris'ners to release,
In satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with his righteousness and blood
T'enrich the humble poor.
Our glad hosannahs, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'ns eternal arch shall ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN LXXII.

THRO' Christ when we together came,
In singleness of heart,
We met, O Jesu! in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one,
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We happily go on.

Present we still in Spirit are,
And intimately nigh
While on the wings of faith and pray'r,
We Abba, Father, cry.

Oh! may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
In all our travels, still
Direct, and be our constant guard,
To Zion's holy hill.

Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
Beyond these changing shades!
White are the robes we all shall wear,
And crowns upon our heads.

Haste, Lord, and bring us to the day
When we shall dwell at home:
Come, O Redeemer, come away;
O Jesus, quickly come.

HYMN LXXIII.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.

Celestial Spirit, make me know
That I shall enter in:

Now,

Now, Saviour, now the pow'r bestow,
And wash me from my sin.
Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.
Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author, and my end.

HYMN LXXIV.

THE cross! the cross! Oh that is my gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucify'd;
'Twas there my Saviour for me dy'd.

What wond'rous cause could move thy heart,
To take on Thee my curse and smart,
Well knowing that my soul would be
So cold, so negligent of Thee!

The cause was love, I sink with shame,
Before my sacred Jesu's name,
That Thou should'st bleed and slaughter'd be,
Because—because Thou lovedst me.

HYMN LXXV.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
'Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those that weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.
Grant that those who seek, may find
Thee a God divinely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

HYMN LXXVI.

HOW shall I speak my Saviour's worth,
Or tell the love He bears to me?
Shall I begin to sing his birth,
And follow him to Calvary?

Yes, this I'll tell my brethren dear,
And call them to receive his grace;
For now his righteousness is near,
And free for all who seek his face.

His tender arms are open still,
Returning sinners to receive;
Steady His mind, and fix'd His will,
To save whoever shall believe.

Ye pris'ners to the refuge fly,
His wounds a covert from the storm;
Why should you languish here and die,
When sav'd you may be from all harm?

He waits with pardon in his hand,
And longs that you the same might share;
Come, sinners, at his mild command;
His name forbids your hearts to fear.

HYMN LXXVII.

LORD, thine image Thou hast lent me,
In thy never-fading love;
When I fell, yet Thou hast sent me
Full redemption from above:
Sacred love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love! to bliss thou hast ordained
Me, e'er I began to be;
God of love, Thou'st not disdained
To become a man like me:
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever Thine.

Love! who hast for me endured
All the pains of death and hell;
Love! whose suff'rings have procured
More for me than tongue can tell;
Sacred love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love! my life and my salvation,
Light and truth, eternal word!
Thou alone dost consolation
To my sinking soul afford:
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever Thine.

To thy bleſſed yoke Thou'rt tying
Me with cords of grace and love,
While my heart is ever crying,
May I true and faithful prove;
Sacred love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love! who wilt for ever love me,
Interceſſor for my ſoul!
Who ſuſtain'ſt me, light or heavy,
On the prieſtly breaſt and roll:
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever Thine.

Love! who wilt hereafter raiſe me
From the grave, a bed of duſt;
Love! whoſe final zeal arrays me
With a garment 'mong the juſt:
Sacred love! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

HYMN LXXVIII.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-ſeat;
Where'er they ſeek Thee Thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

For

For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabiteſt the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee, where they come,
And going take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy choſen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The ſweetneſs of thy ſaving name.

Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To ſtrengthen faith, and ſweeten care;
To teach our faint deſires to riſe,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

Behold! at thy commanding word,
Let Sion ſtretch her cords abroad;
Come then, and fill that wider ſpace,
And bleſs us with a large increaſe.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor ſhort thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thouſand hearts thine own!

HYMN LXXIX.

MY Saviour, Thou didſt ſhed
Thy precious blood for me:

Oh dwell within my worthleſs heart,
And let me live to Thee.
Thou calleſt me, O Lord,
To come to Thee and live,
I therefore come with all my ſins,
I know Thou canſt forgive.
My Lord and Saviour dear,
I long to ſee thy face;
To know Thee more and more by faith,
And daily grow in grace.
And when this life is o'er,
O may I dwell with Thee,
Still worſhiping the bleſſed Lamb,
Who liv'd and dy'd for me.

HYMN LXXX.

BRIDE of the Lamb, up to the ſkies
Let daily praiſe like incenſe riſe,
To join with theirs above.
Worthy is He that once was ſlain,
A race of rebels to regain,
To have our choiceſt love.
Into this ark, with great amaze,
The winged ſeraphs, wond'ring, gaze,
Redeeming love to trace:

Should mortals, who in part have found
Redemption thro' the Saviour's wounds,
Refuse to shout free grace?
Cry then to our Redeemer dear,
He loves his people's voice to hear
They are his joy and crown;
E'er long we Him in clouds shall see,
Cloathed in pomp and majesty,
His ransom'd flock to own.

Shower down thy grace, O Jesus, now,
Through ev'ry vessel let it flow,
Each sickning plant to cheer:
Rooted in Thee, Oh may we stand
Unshaken, waiting thy command,
And love thy voice to hear.

Freedom to every soul proclaim;
In every heart, O Jesus, reign;
And set the prisoners free:
Now, Lord, relieve each burden'd mind,
And give us all with joy to find
Eternal life in Thee.

HYMN LXXXI.

O PATIENT, spotless Lamb,
My heart in patience keep,

To

To bear the cross so easy made,
By wounding Thee so deep.

Bring me, my Shepherd, where
Thy choicest flocks abide;
From wand'ring save my foolish heart,
And keep it near thy side.

My Friend, Thou hast enough
My misery to relieve;
Tho' sin and guilt oppress me sore,
The balm is Thine to give.

Do Thou, my Lord, unite
My heart so firm to Thee,
That ev'ry where, and at all times,
Thy love my All may be.

HYMN LXXXII.

WHEN langour and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet

Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember, that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience day by day
His spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands
And know no will but His.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXIII.

OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found;
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchangeing love, abounds;
A deep, celestial spring.

"*Whoever will,*" (Oh gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake:
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesu's sake.

This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,
And drink, adore, and bless.

To

To Him, who gives our souls to feel
The drawings of his love,
Be constant praise while here we dwell,
And nobler songs above.

HYMN LXXXIV.

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
That peace of God, which Christ hath bought,
That peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consum'd,
Whilst God remained there,
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand,
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold,
With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And tho' He doth not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

His love is constant as the sun,
Tho' clouds come oft between;
And could my faith but pierce these clouds,
It might be always seen.

Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
And thou for ever shine;
I have Thine own dear pledge for this,
Lord, Thou art ever mine.

HYMN LXXXV.

ELIJAH's example declares,
Whatever distress may betide;
The saints may commit all their cares
To him who will surely provide.
When rain long with-held from the earth
Occasion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet, secure from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.
More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey;
But when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way:
This instance to those may seem strange,
Who know not how faith can prevail;

But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.

Nor is it a singular case,
The wonder is often renew'd:
And many can say, to his praise,
He sends them by ravens their food:
Thus worldings, tho' ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and selfish their mind,
If God has a servant to feed,
Against their own wills can be kind.

Thus Satan, that raven unclean,
Who croaks in the ears of the saints,
Compell'd by a power unseen,
Administers oft to their wants;
God teaches them how to find food
From all the temptations they feel;
This raven, who thirsts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

How safe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely;
He gives them out strength for their day,
Their wants He will surely supply:
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command;
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

HYMN. LXXXVI.

COME, Holy Ghoſt, our hearts inſpire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghoſt, for mov'd by Thee
Thy prophets wrote and ſpoke;
Unlock the truth (Thyſelf the key!)
Unſeal the ſacred book:

Water with heav'nly dew thy word,
In this appointed hour;
Attend it with thy preſence, Lord,
And bid it come with pow'r:

Open the hearts of them that hear,
To make the Saviour room;
Now let us find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

HYMN. LXXXVII.

WHY ſhould I doubt his love at laſt,
With anxious thoughts perplex'd?
Who ſav'd me in the troubles paſt,
Will ſave me in the next:

Will

Will ſave, 'till at my lateſt hour,
With more than conqueſt bleſt,
I ſoar beyond temptation's pow'r
To my Redeemer's breaſt.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

RICH grace, free grace, moſt ſweetly calls,
Directly come, who will,
Juſt as you are, for Chriſt receives
Poor helpleſs ſinners ſtill.

'Tis grace each day that feeds our ſouls,
Grace keeps us only poor;
And Oh! that nothing elſe but grace
May rule for evermore.

HYMN LXXXIX.

JESUS, knit all our hearts to Thee,
And join us all in one;
And in our meetings every where
Be Thou our aim alone.

Reign Thou ſole monarch of our hearts,
Without a rival reign;
'Till

'Till we with angels join above,
To praise the Lamb once slain.

HYMN XC.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
Loving Spirit, God of Peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, O hear our supplication.

From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious show'r descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send:
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation.

Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:

Come

Come with unction and with pow'r,
On our ſouls thy graces ſhow'r;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

Manifeſt thy love for ever;
Fence us in on ev'ry ſide;
In diſtreſs, be our reliever;
Guard and teach, ſupport and guide:
Let thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways;
Shew thyſelf our new Creator,
And conform us to Thy nature.

Be our friend, on each occaſion:
God, omnipotent to ſave;
When we die, be our ſalvation;
When we're buried, be our grave;
And, when from the grave we riſe,
Take us up above the ſkies;
Seat us with thy ſaints in glory,
There for ever to adore Thee.

HYMN XCI.

Unſettledneſs.

LORD, what a riddle is my ſoul!
Alive when wounded, dead when whole,
Fondly

Fondly I flee from pain; yet eaſe
Cannot content, nor pleaſure pleaſe.

Thou hid'ſt thy face; my ſins abound,
World, fleſh, and ſatan, all ſurround:
Fain would I find my God; but fear,
The means, perhaps, may prove ſevere.

If thou the leaſt diſpleaſure ſhew,
And bring my vileneſs to my view;
I im'rous and weak I ſhrink, and ſay,
"Lord keep thy chaſt'ning hand away."

If reconcil'd I ſee thy face,
Thy matchleſs mercy, boundleſs grace;
Tortur'd with bliſs I cry, "Remove
"That killing ſight, I die with love."

My dear Redeemer, purge this droſs,
Teach me to hug and love the croſs,
Teach me thy chaſt'ning to ſuſtain,
Diſcern the love, and bear the pain.

Nor ſpare to make me clearly ſee
The ſorrows thou haſt felt for me.
If death muſt follow, I comply:
Let me be ſick with love, and die.

HYMN XCII.

Salvation by Christ alone.

HOW can ye hope, deluded souls,
To see, what none e'er saw,
Salvation by the works obtain'd
Of *Sinai*'s fiery law?

There ye may toil, and weep, and fast;
And vex your heart with pain;
And when ye've ended, find at last
That all your toil was vain.

That law but makes your guilt abound.
Sad help! and (what is worst)
All souls, that under *that* are found,
By God himself are curst.

This curse pertains to those who break
One precept e'er so small,
And where's the man, in thought or deed,
That has not broken all?

Fly then, awaken'd sinners, fly;
Your case admits no stay;
The fountain's open'd now for sin.
Come, wash your guilt away.

See how from Jesu's wounded side
The water flows, and blood!

If you but touch that purple tide,
You make your peace with God.

Only by faith in Jesu's wounds
The sinner gets release:
No other sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but this.

HYMN XCIII.

Jesus our all.

JESUS is the chiefest good,
He has sav'd us by his blood.
Let us value nought but Him;
Nothing else deserves esteem.

Jesus, when stern Justice said,
"Man his life has forfeited,
"Vengeance follows by decree,"
Cried, "Inflict it all on me."

Jesus gives us life and peace,
Faith, and love, and holiness;
Ev'ry blessing, great or small,
Jesus for us purchas'd all.

Jesus therefore let us own,
Jesus we'll exalt alone.

Jesus

Jesus has our sins forgiv'n.
Jesu's blood has bought us heav'n.

HYMN XCIV.

The Wonders of redeeming Love.

HOW wond'rous are the works of God,
Display'd thro' all the world abroad!
Immensely great! Immensely small!
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

He form'd the sun, fair fount of light;
The moon and stars to rule the night:
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,
Are little works compar'd with one.

He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies;
Made vallies sink, and mountains rise;
The meadows cloath'd with native green;
And bade the rivers glide between.

But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove?
The wonders of redeeming love!

'Tis far beyond what words express,
What saints can feel or angels guess;

Angels, that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.
The higheſt heav'ns are ſhort of this.

'Tis deeper than the vaſt abyſs.
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,
Or hope expect, or faith believe.

Almighty God ſigh'd human breath!
The Lord of life experienc'd death!
How it was done, we can't diſcuſs;
But this we know; 'twas done for us.

Bleſt with this faith then let us raiſe
Our hearts in love, our voice in praiſe.
All things to us muſt work for good,
For whom the Lord hath ſhed his blood.
Trials may preſs of ev'ry ſort;
They may be ſore; they muſt be ſhort.
We now *believe*, but ſoon ſhall *view*,
The greateſt glories God can ſhew.

HYMN XCV.

The Paradox.

HOW ſtrange is the courſe, that a chriſtian muſt ſteer
How perplext is the path he muſt tread?

The

The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.
His fairest pretensions must wholly be
wav'd;
And his best resolutions be croft.
Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,
'Till he find himself utterly lost.
When all this is done, and his heart is
assur'd
Of the total remission of sins;
When his pardon is sign'd, and his peace
is procur'd,
From that moment his conflict begins.

HYMN XCVI.

Who hath despised the Day of small Things?
Zech. iv. 10.

THE Lord, that made both heav'n and
earth,
And was himself made man,
Lay in the womb, before his birth,
Contracted to a span:
Matur'd by time, 'till forth he came
A babe like others seen;

As

As ſmall in ſize, and weak of frame,
As babes have always been.

From thence he grew an infant mild,
By fair and due degrees;
And then became a bigger child,
And ſat on Mary's knees.

At firſt held up, for want of ſtrength;
In time alone he ran:
Then grew a boy; a lad; at length
A youth; at laſt a man.

Behold, from what beginnings ſmall
Our great ſalvation roſe!
The ſtrength of God is own'd by all:
But who his weakneſs knows?

Thus ſouls that would to heav'n attain,
Muſt Jacob's ladder climb;
And ſtep by ſtep the ſummit gain
In meaſure, and in time.

Let not the ſtrong the weak deſpiſe;
Their faith, tho' ſmall, is true;
Tho' low they ſeem in others eyes;
Their Saviour ſeem'd ſo too.

Nor meanly of the tempted think:
For, O what tongue can tell,
How low the Lord of life muſt ſink,
Before he vanquiſh'd hell!

The

The leaſt believer is a ſaint,
And if our growth be ſlow,
We ſhould not therefore tire and faint:
Since Chriſt himſelf could grow.

As in the days of fleſh he grew
In wiſdom, ſtature, grace;
So in the ſoul, that's born anew,
He keeps a gradual pace.

No leſs Almighty at his birth,
Than on his throne ſupreme:
His ſhoulders held up heav'n and earth,
When Mary held up him.

HYMN XCVII.

Perſeverance.

THE ſinner that by precious faith,
Has felt his ſins forgiv'n,
Is, from that moment, paſs'd from death,
And ſeal'd an heir of heav'n.

Tho' thouſand ſnares encloſe his feet,
Not one ſhall hold him faſt,
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He ſhall get faſt at laſt.

Not

Not as the world the Saviour gives,
He is no fickle friend:
Whom once he loves, he never leaves;
But loves him to the end.

The ſpir't that would this truth withſtand,
Would pull God's temple down,
Wreſt Jeſu's ſceptre from his hand,
And ſpoil him of his crown.

Satan might then full victʼry boaſt;
The church might wholly fall:
If one believer may be loſt,
It follows, ſo may all.

But Chriſt in evʼry age has provʼd
His purchaſe firm and true.
If this foundation be removʼd,
What ſhall the righteous do?

Brethren, by this your claim abide,
This title to your bliſs:
Whatever loſs you bear beſide,
O! never give up this.

HYMN XCVIII.

The Sinner's Hope.

COME, ye humble ſinner-train,
Souls for whom the Lamb was ſlain,

Cheerful

Cheerful let us raiſe our voice;
We have reaſon to rejoice.
Let us ſing, with ſaints in heav'n,
Life reſtor'd, and ſins forgiv'n.
Glory, and eternal laud
Be to our incarnate God.

Now look up with faith, and ſee
Him that bled for you and me,
Seated on his glorious throne,
Interceding for his own.
What can chriſtians have to fear
When they view their Saviour there?
Hell is vanquiſh'd, heav'n appeas'd;
God is reconcil'd, and pleas'd.

Snares and dangers may beſet;
For we are but trav'lers yet.
As the way indeed is hard,
Let us keep a conſtant guard,
Neither lifted up with air,
Nor dejected to deſpair,
Always keeping Chriſt in view;
He will bring us ſafely thro'.

HYMN XCIX.

The World by Wiſdom knew not God.
1 Cor. i. 21.

O Ye ſons of men be wiſe:
Truſt no longer dreams and lies.
Out of Chriſt, Almighty pow'r
Can do nothing but devour.

God, you ſay, is good: 'Tis true;
But he's pure and holy too;
Juſt and jealous in his ire,
Burning with vindictive fire.

This of old himſelf declar'd:
Iſrael trembled when they heard.
But the proof of proofs indeed
Is, he ſent his Son to bleed.

When the bleſſed Jeſus died,
God was clearly juſtified:
Sin to pardon without blood,
Never in his nature ſtood.

Worſhip God then in his Son:
There he's love, and there alone.
Think not that he will, or may
Pardon any other way.

See the ſuff'ring Son of God,
Panting! groaning! ſweating blood!
Brethren, this had never been,
Had not God deteſted ſin.

Be his mercy therefore ſought
In the way himſelf has taught.
There his clemency is ſuch,
We can never truſt too much.

He that better knows than we,
Bids us all to Jeſus flee.
Humbly take him at his word;
And your ſouls ſhall bleſs the Lord.

HYMN C.

Man's Righteouſneſs.

MAN, bewail thy ſituation:
Hell-born ſin,
Once crept in,
Marrs God's fair creation.

Vaunt thy native ſtrength no longer;
Vain's the boaſt;
All is loſt;
Sin and death is ſtronger.

Enemies to God and goodneſs
Great and ſmall,
Since the fall,
Sink in luſt and lewdneſs.

If to this thou art a ſtranger;
While thou liv'ſt,
Out of Chriſt,
Greater is thy danger.

Truſt not to thy ſmooth behaviour,
All's deceit;
And the cheat
Keeps thee from the Saviour.

Oft we're beſt when dangers fright us:
Jeſus came
To reclaim
Sinners, not the righteous.

Sick men feel their bad condition;
But the ſoul,
That is whole,
Slights the good Phyſician.

HYMN CI.

The Linſey-woolſey Garment.

DARK is he whoſe eye's not ſingle:
Fooliſh man,

Never

Never can
Hell with heaven mingle.
Ev'ry thing we do we sin in:
Chosen Jews
Must not use
Woollen mixt with linen;
God is holy in his nature;
And by that
Needs must hate
Sin in ev'ry creature.
Infinite in truth and justice,
He surveys
All our ways;
Knows in whom our trust is,
Partial service is his loathing;
He requires
Pure desires,
All the heart or nothing.
If we think of reconciling
Black with white,
Dark with light,
'Tis but self-beguiling.
Righteousness to full perfection
Must be brought,
Lacking nought,
Fearless of rejection,

HYMN

HYMN CII.

Christ's Righteousness.

RIGHTEOUSNESS, to the believer,
Freely giv'n,
Comes from heav'n,
God himself the giver.
Christ has wrought this mighty wonder;
God and man
By him can
Meet, and never sunder.
All the law in human nature
He fulfill'd,
Reconcil'd
Creature and Creator.
Ev'ry one, without exemption,
That believes,
Now receives
Absolute redemption.
Robes of righteousness imputed,
White and whole,
Cloath the soul,
Each exactly suited.
'Tis a way of God's own finding:
'Tis his act;

And

And the Pact*
Cannot but be binding.
Here is no prevarication;
Juſtice ſtands,
And demands
Full and free ſalvation.

HYMN CIII.

The Saint's Inheritance.

PERFECT holineſs of ſpirit
Saints above
Full of love
With the Lamb inherit.

This inheritance, believer,
Faith alone
Makes thy own,
Safe and ſure for ever.

True, 'twas thine from everlaſting;
But the bliſs
Of it is
Known to thee by taſting. Tho'

* Covenant.

Tho' thou here receive but little,
Scarce enough
For the proof
Of thy proper title.
Urge thy claim thro' all unfitness;
Sue it out,
Spurning doubt;
The Holy Ghost thy witness.
Cite the will of his own sealing;
Title good,
Sign'd with blood,
Valid, and unfailing.
When thy title thou discernest;
Humbly then
Sue again
For continual earnest.

HYMN CIV.

He hath covered me with the Robe of Righteousness. Isa. lxi. 10.

OF all the creatures God has made
There is but man alone,
That stands in need to be array'd
In cov'rings not his own.

By

By nature, bears, and bulls, and ſwine,
With fowls of ev'ry wing,
Are much more warm more ſafe, more fine,
Than man their fallen king.

Naked and weak we want a ſkreen:
But when with cloaths we're deckt,
Not only lies our ſhame unſeen,
But we command reſpect.

Can ſinful ſouls then ſtand unclad
Before God's burning throne,
All bare; or (what is quite as bad)
In cov'rings of their own?

Rich garments muſt be worn to grace
The marriage of the Lamb;
Nor naſty rags to ſtink the place,
Nor nakedneſs to ſhame.

Robes of imputed righteouſneſs
Will gain us God's eſteem;
No naked pride, no fig-leaf dreſs,
How fair ſoe'er it ſeem.

'Tis call'd a robe, perhaps too mean,
Man has by nature none:
It grows not native like our ſkin,
But is by faith *put on*.

A ſinner cloath'd in this rich veſt,
And garments waſh'd in blood,

Is render'd fit with Chriſt to feaſt,
And be the gueſt of God.

HYMN CV.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.
John xiv. 6.

I Am, ſaith Chriſt, *the Way.*
Now, if we credit *Him*,
All other paths muſt lead aſtray,
How fair ſoe'er they ſeem.

I am, ſaith Chriſt, *the Truth*,
Then all that lacks this teſt,
Proceed it from an Angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at beſt.

I am, ſaith Chriſt, *the Life.*
Let this be ſeen by faith,
It follows without further ſtrife,
That all beſides is death.

If what thoſe words aver,
The Holy Ghoſt apply;
The ſimpleſt chriſtian ſhall not *err*,
Nor be *deceiv'd*, nor *die*.

HYMN

HYMN CVI.

The barren Fig-tree. Luke xv. 6, 7, 8, 9.

THE church a garden is,
In which believers ſtand,
Like ornamental trees,
Planted by God's right hand:
His ſpirit waters all their roots,
And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits.

But other trees there are,
In this incloſure grow;
Which tho' they promiſe fair,
Have only leaves to ſhew;
No fruits of grace on them are found,
They're but incumb'rers of the ground.

The under gardener grieves,
In vain his ſtrength he ſpends,
For heaps of uſeleſs leaves,
Afford him ſmall amends:
His laſt requeſt is earneſt pray'r,
Lord, ſpare them yet, another year.

Spare them, and I will try,
What other means may do,
I'll freſh manure apply,
My digging I'll renew:

If after all no fruit they yield,
Lord, it is juſt they muſt be fell'd.

If under means of grace,
No fruits of grace appear,
O! 'tis an awful caſe,
God cannot long forbear:
At length he'll ſtrike the threaten'd blow,
And lay the barren Fig-tree low.

HYMN CVII.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſu's name;
Ye who Jeſu's kindneſs prove,
Triumph in *Redeeming Love!*

[Ye who ſee the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to *Canaan* on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs *Redeeming Love!*]

Mourning ſouls dry up your tears,
Baniſh all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curſe remove,
Cancel'd by *Redeeming Love!*

[Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin.

Now

Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop—and taſte *Redeeming Love!*
Welcome all by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome to your Saviour's breaſt!
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but *Redeeming Love!*
He ſubdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their curſed empire drove,
Mighty in *Redeeming Love!*
Hither then your muſic bring,
Strike aloud each joyful ſtring;
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe *Redeeming Love!*

HYMN CVIII.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine!
Let thy light within me ſhine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heav'n and love.

Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burthen'd ſinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Waſh me in his precious blood.

Life

Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe I hyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

HYMN CIX.

For the Law was given by Moses; but Grace and Truth came by Jesus Christ. John i. 17.

IS then the law of God untrue,
Which he by Moses gave?
No: But to take it in this view,
That it has pow'r to save.

Legal obedience were compleat,
Could we the law fulfil:
But no man ever did so yet;
And no man ever will.

The law was never meant to give
New strength to man's lost race.
We cannot act, before we live;
And life proceeds from grace.

But

But grace and truth by Chriſt are giv'n,
To him muſt Moſes bow.
Grace fits the new-born ſoul for heav'n,
And truth informs us how.

By Chriſt we enter into reſt,
And triumph o'er the fall.
Whoe'er would be completely bleſt,
Muſt truſt to Chriſt for all.

HYMN CX.

And ye are complete in him. Col. ii. 10.

WHEN is it chriſtians all agree,
And let diſtinctions fall?
When, nothing in themſelves, they ſee
That Chriſt is All in All.

But ſtrife and diff'rence will ſubſiſt,
While men will ſomething ſeem.
Let them but ſingly look to Chriſt,
And all are one in Him.

The infant and the aged ſaint,
The worker, and the weak;
They who are ſtrong, and ſeldom faint,
And they who ſcarce can ſpeak.

Eternal

Eternal life's the gift of God,
It comes thro' Christ alone.
'Tis his; he bought it with his blood;
And therefore gives *his own.*

We have no life, no pow'r, no faith,
But what by Christ is giv'n.
We all deserve eternal death,
And thus we all are ev'n.

HYMN CXI.

JOIN ev'ry tongue to sing
The mercies of the Lord.
The love of Christ our King
Let ev'ry heart record.
He sav'd us from the wrath of God;
And paid our ransom with his blood.

What wond'rous grace was this!
We sinn'd; and Jesus died.
He wrought the righteousness,
And we were justified.
We ran the score to length extreme;
And all the debt was charg'd on him.

Hell was our just desert;
And He that hell endur'd.

Guilt

Guilt broke his guiltleſs heart
With wrath that we incurr'd.
We bruis'd his body, ſpilt his blood;
And both become our heav'nly food.

HYMN CXII.

THE tender mercies of the Lord,
On thoſe that fear his name,
For ev'ry thankful tongue afford
An everlaſting theme.

He pities all, that feel his fear,
When wounded, pain'd, or weak;
As tender mothers grieve to hear
Their infants moan, when ſick.

He to the needy and the faint
His mighty aid makes known;
And when their languid life is ſpent,
Supplies it with his own.

The body in his bounty ſhares
Suſtain'd with corn and wine:
But for the ſoul himſelf prepares
A banquet more divine.

By faith receiv'd his fleſh and blood
Shall life eternal give:

For he that eats immortal food
Immortally must live.

HYMN CXIII.

Christ's Ascension. 2 Hymns.

NOW for a theme of thankful praise,
To tune the stamm'rer's tongue.
Christians, your hearts and voices raise,
And join the joyful sang.

The Lord's ascended up on high,
Deck'd with resplendent wounds;
While shouts of victʼry rend the sky;
And heav'n with joy resounds.

See, from the regions of the dead,
Thro' all th' ethereal plains,
The pow'rs of darkness captive led;
The Dragon dragg'd in chains.

Y' eternal gates your leaves unfold;
Receive the conqu'ring King.
Ye angels, strike your harps of gold;
And saints, triumphant sing.

Sinner, rejoice; he died for *you*;
For *you* prepares a place;

Sends

Sends down his ſpir't to guide you thro',
With ev'ry gift and grace.
His blood, which did your ſins atone,
For your ſalvation pleads;
And ſeated on his father's throne,
He reigns, and intercedes.

HYMN CXIV.

JESUS our triumphant head, *Hal.*
Ris'n victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory's gone,
To aſcend his rightful throne.
Cherubs on the conqu'ror gaze,
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze.
Each bright order of the ſky,
Hail him, as he paſſes by.
Saints the glorious triumph meet;
See their en'mies at his feet.
By his ſcars his toils are view'd,
And his garments roll'd in blood.
Heav'n its King congratulates;
Opens wide her golden gates.
Angels ſongs of vict'ry ſing;
All the bliſsful regions ring.

Sinners, join the heav'nly pow'rs:
For redemption all is ours.
None but burden'd sinners prove
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.
Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord;
Holy Lamb, incarnate word!
Hail, thou suff'ring Son of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood.

HYMN CXV.

Death.

YE sons of men, the warning take,
A moment brings us all to dust.
Awake from sin; from sloth awake.
Reflect, in what you put your trust.
Life is a lilly, fair to-day;
To-morrow into th' oven thrown.
Health soon will fail, and strength decay,
No help in pow'r; in riches none.
Ah! what avails the pompous pall?
The *sable stoles**, the plumed herse;
To rot within some sacred wall;
Or wound a stone with lying verse?

* Black Robes.

'Tis

'Tis destin'd, all men once must die,
And after death receive their doom.
Then whither will th' ungodly fly?
Or those who carelesly presume?

Blessed are they, and only they,
Who in the Lord, the Saviour, die,
Their bodies wait redemption's day,
And sleep in peace, where'er they lie.

Where is thy vict'ry; where thy sting,
Thou grisly King of Terrors, Death?
We worms defy thee, while we sing;
And trample on thy pow'r by faith.

HYMN CXVI.

The Day of Judgment.

AWAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake;
And hear the God of Isr'el speak.
His word is faithful, firm, and true.
Sinners, attend; he speaks to you.

Mercy and vengeance in me dwell.
One lifts to heav'n; one casts to hell.
My favour's more than life; my wrath
Will burn beyond the bound of death.

Short

Short is the ſpace, and death muſt come:
And after death the day of doom;
When quick and dead the Judge ſhall call,
And deal their due deſerts to all.

Fixt in their everlaſting ſtate,
Could men repent, 'twere then too late:
Juſtice has bolted Mercy's door;
And God's long-ſuff'ring is no more.

'Tis *now* the goſpel meſſage ſent
Commands repentance; *now* repent.
Wiſely be warn'd; to refuge run:
Obey the Father, kiſs the Son.

In Chriſt receive the gift of God,
Complete redemption thro' his blood;
Mercy triumphant; ſin forgiv'n;
And everlaſting life in heav'n.

HYMN CXVII.

Heaven.

YE ſouls that truſt in Chriſt rejoice:
Your ſins are all forgiv'n
Let ev'ry chriſtian lift his voice,
And ſing the joys of heav'n.

Heav'n

Heav'n is that holy happy place,
Where ſin no more defiles.
Where God unveils his bliſsful face;
And looks, and loves, and ſmiles.

Where Jeſus, ſon of man and God,
Triumphant from his wars,
Walks in rich garments dipt in blood;
And ſhews his glorious ſcars.

Where ranſom'd ſinners found God's praiſe
Th' angelic hoſt among;
Sing the rich wonders of his grace:
And Jeſus leads the ſong.

Where ſaints are free from ev'ry load
Of paſſions, or of pains.
God dwells in them; and they in God:
And love for ever reigns.

Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive,
All that the blood of Chriſt procur'd,
Or all that God can give.

Lord, as thou ſhew'ſt thy glory there,
Make known thy grace to us:
And heav'n will not be wanting here,
While we can hymn thee thus.

Jeſus our dear Redeemer died,
That we might be forgiv'n;

Roſe,

Roſe, that we might be juſtified;
And ſends the ſpir't from heav'n.

HYMN CXVIII.

Good Works.

IN vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death,
When they indulge ſome ſinful view
In all they ſay, and all they do.

The true believer fears the Lord;
Obeys his precepts; keeps his word;
Commits his works to God alone;
And ſeeks *His* will before his own.

A barren tree, that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root.
When on the boughs rich fruit we ſee,
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree!"

Never did men by faith divine
To ſelfiſhneſs or ſloth incline.
The chriſtian works with all his pow'r:
And grieves that he can work no more.

HYMN CXIX.

Repentance.

WHAT various ways do men invent
To give the conſcience eaſe?
Some ſay, Believe; and ſome, Repent;
And ſome ſay, ſtrive to pleaſe.

But, brethren, Chriſt and Chriſt alone
Can rightly do the thing.
Nor ever can the way be known,
'Till He ſalvation bring.

What mean the men that ſay, Believe;
And let Repentance go;
What comfort can the ſoul receive
That never felt its woe?

Chriſt ſays, "That I might ſinners call
"To penitence, I'm ſent."
And, "Likewiſe ye ſhall periſh all,
"Except ye do repent."

Thoſe who are call'd by grace divine
Believe, but not alone:
Repentance to their faith they join;
And ſo go ſafely on.

But ſhould Repentance, or ſhould Faith,
Should both deficient ſeem;

Jesus gives both (the scripture saith)
Then ask them both of Him.

HYMN CXX.

The Stony Heart.

OH! for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn stone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

The rocks can rent; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things shew some sign;
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an Adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

But something yet can do the deed:
And that dear something must I need:
Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN CXXI.

COME, raise your thankful voice,
Ye souls redeem'd with blood.
Leave earth and all its toys:
And mix no more with mud.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesu's blood redeem'd.

Christians are Priests and Kings,
All born of heav'nly birth.
Then think on nobler things;
And grovel not in earth.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesu's blood redeem'd.

With heart, and soul, and mind
Exalt redeeming love.
Leave worldly cares behind;
And set your minds above.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesu's blood redeem'd.

Lift up your ravish'd eyes,
And view the glory giv'n:
All lower things despise,
Ye citizens of heav'n.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesu's blood redeem'd.

Be to this world as dead,
Alive to that to come.

Our life in Chriſt is hid;
Who ſoon ſhall call us home,
Dearly we're bought, highly eſteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jeſu's blood redeem'd.

HYMN CXXII.

PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The bleſſings God deſigns to give:
Long as they live ſhould chriſtians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

The chriſtian's heart his pray'r indites,
He ſpeaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Chriſt receives, and gives it in.

And ſhall we in dead ſilence lie,
When Chriſt ſtands waiting for our pray'r?
My ſoul, thou haſt a friend on high,
Ariſe, and try thy int'reſt there.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppreſs,
If cares diſtract, or fears diſmay,
If guilt deject, if ſin diſtreſs,
The remedy's before thee; *pray.*

Depend on Chriſt, thou canſt not fail;
Make all thy wants and wiſhes known;
Fear not—His merits muſt prevail;
Aſk what thou wilt, it ſhall be done.

HYMN

HYMN CXXIII.

2 Kings x. 15.

COME, let us afcend,
My companion and friend,
To taſte of the banquet above:
If thine heart be as mine,
If for Jeſus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

Who in Jeſus confide,
They are bold to out-ride,
The ſtorms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet they ſoar
To that heav'nly ſhore,
And out-fly all the arrows of death.

By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the ſkies,
For the heaven of heavens is love!

Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live,
In the city of God the great King!

What

What a concert of praiſe,
When our Jeſus's grace,
The whole heavenly company ſing!
What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorify'd throng
In the ſpirit of harmony join!
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine!
Hallelujah they cry,
To the King of the ſky,
To the great everlaſting I AM!
To the Lamb that was ſlain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

HYMN CXXIV.

VAIN Man, thy fond purſuits forbear.
Repent. Thy end is nigh.
Death at the fartheſt can't be far.
Oh! think before thou die.
Reflect; thou haſt a ſoul to ſave.
Thy ſins; how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How ſtands that dark account?

Death

Death enters, and there's no defence:
His time there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven; or to hell.
Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
To-day, the gospel calls, to-day:
Sinners, it speaks to you.
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue;
Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood;
How vile so'er he be;
Abundant pardon, peace with God;
All giv'n entirely free.

HYMN CXXV.

THE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
Now, thro' the veil of flesh, I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;

Now

Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.

Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
" Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away;
" No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

" The Jewish wintry state is gone,
" The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
" The sacred turtle-dove we hear
" Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

" Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root,
" Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit."
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.

And when we hear our Jesus say,
" Rise up my love, make haste away!"
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN CXXVI.

AWAKE our souls, (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought begone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True,

True, 'tis a ſtraight and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endleſs years
Their everlaſting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a freſh ſupply,
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

HYMN CXXVII.

O For an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monſter, Death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

Joyful, with all the ſtrength I have,
My quiv'ring lips ſhould ſing,

" Where's thy boasted victory, Grave,
" And where the monster's sting?"
If sin be pardon'd I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
But Christ, my ransom, dy'd.
Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conq'rors while we die
Thro' Christ our living head.

HYMN CXXVIII.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

[Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

[Their

Their hatred and their love is loſt,
Their envy buryd in the duſt;
They have no ſhare in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.

Then what my thoughts deſign to do,
My hands with all your might purſue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground,

There are no acts of pardon paſt
In the cold grave to which we haſte;
But darkneſs, death and long deſpair,
Reign in eternal ſilence there.

HYMN CXXIX.

YE ſons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue;
Taſte the delights your ſouls deſire,
And give a looſe to all your fire:

Purſue the pleaſures you deſign,
And cheer your hearts with ſongs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know,
There is a day of judgment too.

God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your ſecret faults;

The works of darkneſs you have done
Muſt all appear before the ſun.
The veng'ance to your follies due,
Should ſtrike your hearts with terror thro';
How will ye ſtand before his face,
Or anſwer for his injur'd grace?
Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From theſe alluring vanities:
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their ſouls to fear the Lord.

HYMN CXXX.

I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his Croſs.

Jeſus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the deciſive hour.

Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his father's face,
And in the New Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

HYMN CXXXI.

COME, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel
The joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

Come, fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeaſurable grace.

Now to the God whoſe pow'r can do
More than our thoughts and wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting honours done
By all the Church, thro' Chriſt his Son.

HYMN CXXXII.

GO worſhip at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!

Earth

Earth is too narrow to expreſs
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
(The whole creation can afford
But ſome faint ſhadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Muſt mingle colours not her own.)

(Is he compar'd with wine or bread?
Dear Lord! our ſouls would thus be fed:
That fleſh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.)

(Is he a Tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.)

(Is he a Roſe? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he aſſume,
The vallies bleſs the rich perfume.)

(Is he a Vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit,
O let a laſting union join
My ſoul to Chriſt the living vine!)

(Is he a Head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The ſaints below and ſaints above,
Join'd by his ſpirit and his love.)

(Is

(Is he a Fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of ſin and death.
Theſe waters all my ſoul renew,
And cleanſe my ſpotted garments too.)

(Is he a Fire? He'll purge my droſs;
But the true gold ſuſtains no loſs:
Like a refiner ſhall he ſit,
And tread the refuſe with his feet.)

(Is he a Rock? How firm he proves?
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the ſweet ſtreams that from him flow
Attend us all the deſert thro'.)

(Is he a Way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood:
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
'Till I arrive at Sion's hill.)

(Is he a Door? I'll enter in:
Behold the paſtures large and green;
A Paradiſe divinely fair,
None but the ſheep have freedom there.)

(Is he deſign'd the Corner-ſtone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.)

(Is he a Temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majeſty and pow'r;

And

And ſtill to his moſt holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.)

(Is he a Star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the ſhades with dawning light;
I know his glories from a far,
I know the bright, the morning-ſtar.)

(Is he a Sun? His beams are grace,
His courſe is joy and righteouſneſs:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chaſe their clouds and dry their tears.)

O let me climb thoſe higher ſkies,
Where ſtorms and darkneſs never riſe!
There he diſplays his pow'rs abroad,
And ſhines and reigns th' incarnate God.)

Nor earth, nor ſeas, nor ſun, nor ſtars,
Nor heav'n his full reſemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
'Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN CXXXIII.

WHY ſhould the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! deſcend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

Doſt

Doſt thou not dwell in all the ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,
And ſhew my ſins forgiv'n?
Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witneſs with my heart,
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy ſoft wings, celeſtial Dove,
Will ſafe convey me home.

HYMN CXXXIV.

WELCOME, ſweet day of reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes!
The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Here we may ſit, and ſee him here,
And love and praiſe and pray.
One day amidſt the place
Where my dear God hath been,

Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſurable ſin.
My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
And ſit and ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

HYMN CXXXV.

HOW vain are all things here below!
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure has its poiſon too;
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.

The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh
Where we poſſeſs delight.

Our deareſt joys and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

The fondneſs of a creature's love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all eternal good.

HYMN CXXXVI.

MY God! the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

In darkeſt ſhades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my ſoul's ſweet morning-ſtar,
And he my riſing ſun.

The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
While Jeſus ſhews his heart is mine,
And whiſpers, "I am his!"

My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way
T' embrace my deareſt Lord.

Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;

The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear the conqu'ror thro'.

HYMN CXXXVII.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no ſupply,
No cheering fruits, no wholeſome trees,
Nor ſtreams of living joy?

But prickling thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poiſons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land;
Lord! we would keep that heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the ſacred road,
Thro' diſmal deeps and dang'rous ſnares,
We make our way to God.

Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward ſtill;
Forget theſe troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

See the kind Angels at the gates
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus the forerunner waits,
To welcome trav'llers home!

There on a green and flow'ry mount
Our weary soul, shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

Eternal glory to the King
That brought us safely through,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewel to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd;

Then

Then I can ſmile at ſatan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall,
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my All.
There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

HYMN CXXXIX.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpſe of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
The volume of my father's grace
Does all my grief aſſuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almoſt in ev'ry page.
This is the field where hiden lies
The pearl of price unknow;
That merchant is divinely wiſe
Who makes that pearl his own.

Here

Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

O! may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN CXL.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ the heav'nly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,

While

While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN CXLI.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
Sing, 'till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, 'till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

Sing

Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ranſom'd ſinners ſing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Chriſt, th' eternal King.

Soon ſhall ye hear Him ſay,
Ye bleſſed children, come;
Soon will He call you hence away,
To take his wand'rers home.

HYMN CXLII.

O LOVE divine, what haſt Thou done!
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my ſins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd!
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

Sinners, behold, as ye paſs by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come, ſee, ye worms, your Maker die,
And ſay, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd;
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring his people back to God;

Believe, believe the record true,
His church is purchas'd with his blood:
Pardon and life flow from his ſide;
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd!
Then let us ſit beneath his croſs,
And gladly catch the healing ſtream;
All Things for Him account but droſs,
And give up all our hearts to Him;
Of nothing ſpeak or think beſide;
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

HYMN CXLIII.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jeſus,
Can relieve us from our ſmart;
Nothing elſe from guilt releaſe us,
Nothing elſe can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone,
But a ſenſe of blood-bought pardon
Soon diſſolves a heart of ſtone.
Jeſus, all our conſolations
Flow from thee the Sov'reign Good;
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchas'd by thy blood.

From thy fulneſs we receive them,
We have nothing of our own;
Freely Thou delight'ſt to give them
To the needy, who have none.

Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
How to mourn, and not deſpair;
Let us, leaning on thy merit,
Wreſtle hard with God in pray'r.

Whatſoe'er afflictions ſeize us,
They ſhall profit, if not pleaſe:
But defend, defend us, Jeſus,
From ſecurity and eaſe.

HYMN CXLIV.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art Mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven! bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the cryſtal fountain
Whence the healing ſtreams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:

Strong *Deliv'rer!* ſtrong *Deliv'rer!*
Be Thou ſtill my *ſtrength* and *ſhield.*
When I tread the verge of *Jordan,*
Bid my anxious fears ſubſide;
Death of deaths, and hell's deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's ſide.
Songs of praiſes, ſongs of praiſes,
I will ever give to Thee.

Muſing on my habitation,
Muſing on my heav'nly home,
Fills my ſoul with holy longing,
Come, my Jeſus quickly come.
Vanity is all I ſee,
Lord, I long to be with Thee!

HYMN CXLV.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour ſay,
"Wilt thou forſake me too?"

Ah, Lord! with ſuch a heart as mine,
Unleſs Thou hold me faſt,
I feel I muſt, I ſhall decline,
And prove like them at laſt.

Yet

Yet Thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from Thee?
The help of men and angels join'd,
Can never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.
No voice but Thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but Thine can make me bless'd,
And satisfy my heart.
What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy love,
I humbly answer, No!

HYMN CXLVI.

THE God of *Abr'ham* praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Antient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heav'n confest;
I bow

I bow and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſs'd.
The God of *Abr'ham* praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command
From earth I riſe—and ſeek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forſake,
Its wiſdom, fame, and pow'r:
And Him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tow'r.

The God of *Abr'ham* praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himſelf my God!
And He ſhall ſave me to the end,
Through Jeſu's blood.

He by Himſelf hath ſworn,
I on his oath depend,
I ſhall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heav'n aſcend:
I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his pow'r adore,
And ſing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

HYMN

HYMN CXLVII.

THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine
Are taught us in his word!
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

Wait for his seasonable aid,
And tho' it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

HYMN CXLVIII.

O Jesus! my God! come make thine abode
Within my poor heart:
O Jesus! come quickly, a Saviour thou art;
Salvation I need; I want to be freed
From all my distress,
And feel in my heart the rich blessings of peace:
I thirst

I thirſt to be Thine, to feel Thee within,
Diffuſing abroad
Thy love, that my heart may aſcend unto {God.
This Lord thou canſt do, and give me
My ſins are forgiv'n, [to know
My treaſure laid up in the kingdom [heav'n.
Take me as I am, Thy property claim;
My nature refine,
And form my affections and temper divine.
No more would I breathe for objects
But live to thy praiſe, [beneath;
Advancing in knowledge, and growing in
[grace.

HYMN CXLIX.

DEATH cannot make my ſoul afraid,
If God be with me there:
Soft is the paſſage through the ſhade,
And all the proſpect fair.
Jeſus, the viſion of thy face
Hath over-pow'ring charms:
Scarce ſhall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Chriſt be in my arms.

There

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
The heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

O could I make my fears remove
Those gloomy fears that rise;
And see the Canaan which I love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget to breathe,
And lose my life amidst the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN CL.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love!

Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name!
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us Lord, at length to love;
We, alas forget too often,
What a friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

HYMN CLI.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

What though my ſoul be not with Thee,
As nature could deſire;
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy ſervant ſhall aſpire.

My cares, I caſt them all on thee,
Take them, dear Lord, thou muſt;
Well may I leave my all with him,
With whom my ſoul I truſt.

I welcome all thy Sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou doſt,
I wait the light above.

Thy cov'nant in the darkeſt gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which when my eyelids cloſe in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

HYMN CLII.

HE comes! He comes! the Saviour dear,
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near:
His lightnings flaſh, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful ſoul.

From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's face.

Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!
Hail him, hail Him, hail Him, hail Him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord!

Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns:
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever, and for ever reigns.

The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore:
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome Thee, great THREE in ONE!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome Thee, great THREE in ONE.

HYMN CLIII.

HARK! in the wilderness a cry!
It shakes the mountains rends the earth;
The King appears, behold him nigh!
The God by nature, man by birth!

Run to and fro, ye heralds, run,
Proclaim aloud, prepare the way!
Redemption's glorious work's begun,
And who His potent arm shall stay?

Make straight the paths before his feet,
And ev'ry obstacle remove;
Drop down, ye hills, your cumb'rous weight,
And bow before *Redeeming Love*.

Then shall the lowly valley rise,
Its budding honour spring to view;
Swift the *Creating Fiat* flies,
And all is blissful, all is new.

Know'st Thou the meaning, nature's child?
Know'st Thou the import of the cry?
Thy heart's the desart waste and wild,
But lo! the kind *Reclaimer's* nigh.

Mountains of unbelief and sin,
Before him crumble into dust;
Thy humbled heart shall then begin
His all-restoring hand to trust.

By

By Him exalted, know thy ſtate,
A garden rich in fruit and flower;
Thy gracious Maſter's lov'd retreat,
The wonder of *Redeeming Power.*

HYMN CLIV.

SEE Jeſus our *Deliv'rer* great,
Riſing, his vict'ry to complete;
In vain's the ſeal and ſtone!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
Here, here, thy mighty *Conq'ror* ſee,
Riſing, He leaves the tomb.

Awhile he with his fav'rites ſtay'd,
Strength to their feeble faith convey'd,
Then mounts the ſtarry ſky:
The heav'ns with acclamations ring,
To welcome their triumphant King,
And ſhout his victory.

Mindful of all thy favours, now
In gratitude we proſtrate bow
Before thy loving face:
Give all, aſſembled in this hour,
To feel thy reſurrection's pow'r,
And ſing redeeming grace.

Clearly

Clearly to ev'ry heart display
The virtue of thy croſs this day;
Each drooping heart inflame:
Refreſh'd, we'll then unwearied go
Along this wilderneſs below,
And ſpread thy glorious fame.

Jeſus, when will the hour appear,
That we thy pow'rful call ſhall hear,
And round thy throne attend?
When ſhall we ſee Thee face to face,
And join above to ſing thy praiſe,
Eternity to ſpend?

HYMN CLV.

GOD of my ſalvation hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy bleſſing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me!

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;

Empty

Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me!

Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myself I turn my eyes,
The chief of sinners I:
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me loose myself in Thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me!

HYMN CLVI.

TO tell the Saviour all my wants,
How pleasing is the task!
Nor less to praise him when he grants
Beyond what I can ask.

My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks
To tell but half the joy;
With how much tenderness he speaks,
And helps me to reply.

Nor

Nor were it wise, nor should I choose
Such secrets to declare;
Like precious wines their taste they lose,
Expos'd to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,
Nor care if thousands hear;
Sweet is the ointment of his name,
Not life is half so dear.

And can you frown my former friends,
Who knew what once I was;
And blame the song that thus commends
The man who bore the cross?

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
And not as fancy paints;
Such honour may he give to you,
For such have all his saints.

HYMN CLVII.

FREE-GRACE to ev'ry heav'n-born soul
Will be their constant theme;
Long as eternal ages roll,
They'll still adore the Lamb.

Free-grace alone can wipe the tears
From our lamenting eyes;

Can raise our souls from guilty fears
To joy that never dies.
Free-grace can death itself out-brave,
And take its sting away:
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heav'n convey.

Our Saviour by free-grace alone
His building shall complete;
With shouting bring forth the head-stone,
Crying, grace, grace to it.
May I be found a living stone
In Salem's streets above,
And help to sing before the throne
Free-grace and dying love.

HYMN CLVIII.

SING to the Lord, Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious hand;
He fix'd the ſeas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills muſt ſtand.

Come, and with humble ſouls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

HYMN CLIX.

O JESUS, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd thro' thy word!
In ſpirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praiſe:
The antient of days
His glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his choſen with cheriſhing rays.
The trumpet of God
Is ſounding abroad,
The language of mercy—ſalvation thro' blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this goſpel day.

The people who know
The Saviour below,
With burning affection to worſhip Him glow.

[Their anguiſh and ſmart
And ſorrows depart,
Who find his ſalvation inſcrib'd on the heart.]

The people are bleſt
Who lean on his breaſt,
And have a rich foretaſte of his promis'd reſt.

This bleſſing is mine,
Through favour divine:
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!

The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praiſe!
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy ways.

HYMN CLXI.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From ſtrife and tumult far;
From ſcenes, where ſatan wages ſtill
His moſt ſucceſsful war.

The calm retreat, the ſilent ſhade,
With pray'r and praiſe agree;
And ſeem, by thy ſweet bounty made,
For thoſe who follow Thee.

There if thy Spirit touch the ſoul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

There like the nightingale ſhe pours
Her ſolitary lays;
Nor aſks a witneſs of her ſong,
Nor thirſts for human praiſe.

Author and guardian of my life;
Sweet ſource of light divine;
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundleſs, endleſs ſtore;
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time ſhall be no more.

HYMN

HYMN MCLXI.

LUkewarm souls, the foe grows stronger,
See what hosts your camp surround;
Arm to battle, lag no longer,
Hark! the silver trumpets sound.
Wake, ye sleepers; wake, what mean you?
Sin belets you round about,
Up, and search the world's within you:
Slay, or chase the traitor out.

What enchants you? pelf or pleasure?
Pluck right eyes, with right hands part;
Ask your conscience, where's your treasure,
For, by certain, there's your heart.
Give the fawning foe no credit,
Lo! the bloody flag's unfurl'd;
That base heart (the word has said it)
Loves not God, that loves the world.

God and Mammon? oh! be wiser,
Serve them both? it cannot be.
Each in warfare, saint and miser,
These will never well agree.
Shun the shame of foully falling;
'Cumber'd captives clog'd with clay,
Prove your faith, make sure your calling;
Wield the sword; and win the day.

HYMN

HYMN CLXIII.

COmpassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend,
Thy child from the fury of Satan defend;
Thy presence continue, thy blessing convey,
And grant me a spirit to praise and to pray.

Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run,
And further within me the work Thou'st begun;
And then let the world me reject or despise,
Thy grace for my wants, Lord, shall ever suffice.

Still go Thou before me, and guide me aright;
Thy peace be my comfort, Thyself my delight;
Thy will be my pleasure, thy honour my aim,
And this be my glory, the blood of the Lamb.

This, this be my portion, thy beauty my song,
Thy name and thy praises still dwell on my tongue:
Direct by thy Spirit my actions and ways,
So shall I inherit thy blessing always.

HYMN CLXIII.

WHAT tho' my frail eye-lids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep,
A sov'reign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour's nigh;
And songs his kind presence indeed,
Shall in the night-season supply:
He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround,
The soul he delights to defend.

Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee, for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own'd thou hast help'd me 'till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd;
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last,
A sinner so signally lov'd.

Inspirer

Inſpirer and hearer of pray'r,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant-care
I ſleeping and waking, reſign:
If Thou art my ſhield and my ſun,
The night is no darkneſs to me;
And, faſt as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Thy miniſt'ring ſpirits deſcend,
To watch while Thy ſaints are aſleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of ſalvation to keep:
Bright Seraphs, diſpatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their ſtations aſſign'd;
And Angels elect are ſent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

Thy worſhip no interval knows;
Their fervor is ſtill on the wing;
And, while they protect my repoſe,
They chaunt to the praiſe of my King;
I too, at the ſeaſon ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever ſhall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

HYMN CLXIV.

O LORD, how great's the favour
That we, such sinners poor,
Can, through thy death's sweet favour,
Approach thy mercy's door,
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace;
There wait the welcome message,
Which bids us go in peace!

Lord, we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid and inly dead;
Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin;
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid?
Where shall we find compassion,
But in the church's head?
Jesus, Thou art all pity,
Oh take us to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy,
To save us from all harms.

[We'll never ceaſe repeating
Our numberleſs complaints;
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of ſaints,
'Till we attain the image
Of him we inly love,
And pay our grateful homage
With all the ſaints above.]

Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleaſing ſtory
Of Jeſu's love ſo great:
In this bleſt contemplation
We ſhall for ever dwell,
And prove ſuch conſolation,
As none below can tell.

HYMN CLXV. Diſmiſſion.

LORD, diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love poſſeſſing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refreſh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderneſs.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

So, when e'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

HYMN CLXVI. Funeral.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move?
Why should we wish the hours more slow
That keep us from our love?

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?

There.

There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet perfume!
The grave of all his saints He blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed?
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
Thence He arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

HYMN CLXVII. Funeral.

AH lovely appearance of Death;
No sight upon earth is so fair;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare:
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.
How blest is our brother bereft,
Of all that could burthen his mind,
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind.

Of

Of evil incapable Thou,
Whose relicts with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more
With sickness, and shaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay!
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
The quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
The heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep:
The fountain can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free,

The

The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

HYMN CLXVIII. Funeral.

THE spirits of the just,
Confin'd in bodies, groan,
'Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done.

Jesus, who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Perfum'd the chambers of the grave,
And made ev'n death our gain.

Why fear we then to trust
The place where Jesus lay;
In quiet rests our brother's dust
And thus it seems to say:

"Forbear, my friends, to weep,
"Since death hath lost its sting:
"Those christians, that in Jesus sleep,
"Our God will with Him bring."

HYMN CLXIX. Funeral.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave,
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what He gave.

Peace all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his Sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

CLXX. DOXOLOGIES.

FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore;
Join we with the heav'nly host
To praise Thee evermore.

Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three;
Holy

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to Thee.

CLXXI.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;
With all our pow'rs, eternal King,
While faith adores, thy name we sing.

CLXXII.

TO God, who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
Our guilt and mis'ry to remove;
To the bleſt Spirit who life imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be endleſs glory, praiſe, and love.

CLXXIII.

O Father of heav'n! be ever ador'd,
Thy mercy we find, in ſending our Lord
To ranſom and bleſs us; thy goodneſs we
praiſe,
For ſending, in Jeſus, ſalvation by grace.
O Son of his love! who deigneds't to die,
Our curſe to remove, our pardon to buy,

Accept our thanksgiving, Almighty to save,
Who open'st heaven to all that believe.

O Spirit of love, of health, and of pow'r!
Thy working we prove, thy grace we adore;
Whose inward revealing applies our
Lord's blood,
Attesting and sealing us children of God.

CLXXIV.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever,
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah
Praise the Lord.

CLXXV.

IMMORTAL honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour shall be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

CLXXVI.

O GOD of glory! God of love!
In essence One, in person Three!
With all the shining host above
Let dust and ashes worship Thee!

CLXXVII.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CHORUSSES *in the* MESSIAH.

AND the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, And all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. *Isai.* xl. 5.

AND He shall purify the Sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. *Mal.* iii. 3.

O THOU that tellest good tidings to Zion, arise, say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God, the glory of the Lord is risen upon Thee. *Isai.* lx. 1.

FOR unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name

ſhall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, the MIGHTY GOD, the EVERLASTING FATHER, the PRINCE of PEACE. *Iſai.* ix. 6.

GLORY to God in the higheſt, good will towards men, and peace on earth. *Luke* ii. 14.

HE ſhall feed his flock like a ſhepherd, and He ſhall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his boſom, and gently lead thoſe that are with young. Come unto Him, all ye that labour, come unto Him, ye that are heavy laden, and He will give you reſt; take his yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for He is meek and lowly of heart, and ye ſhall find reſt unto your ſouls.

HIS yoke is eaſy, and his buthen is light. *Mat.* ii. 30.

BEHOLD, the LAMB of GOD that taketh away the ſin of the world! *John* i. 29.

SURELY He hath borne our griefs, and carried our ſorrows. *Iſai.* liii. 4.

He

He was wounded for our tranſgreſſions, He was bruiſed for our iniquities: the chaſtiſement of our peace was upon Him; and with his ſtripes we are healed. *Iſai.* liii. 5.

ALL we like ſheep have gone aſtray; we have turned every one to his own way: and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. *Iſai.* liii. 6.

HE truſted in God that he might deliver him; let Him deliver him, if He delight in Him. *Mat.* xxvii. 43.

LIFT up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting doors; and the King of glory ſhall come in.

Who is the King of Glory? The Lord ſtrong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. *Pſa.* xxiv. 7, 8.

LET all the angels of God worſhip Him. *Heb.* i. 6.

GREAT

GREAT was the company of the preachers: the Lord gave the word, *Pſa.* lxviii. 11.

THEIR ſound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world. *Rom.* x. 18.

BREAK forth into joy, glad tidings, thy God reigneth. How beautiful are the feet of Him that bringeth tidings of ſalvation; that ſaith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! *Iſai.* lii. 7. 9.

LET us break their bonds aſunder and caſt away their yokes from us. *Pſa.* ii. 3.

HALLELUJAH! for the LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT reigneth. *Rev.* xix. 6.

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our LORD and of his CHRIST; and He ſhall reign for ever and ever. *Rev.* xi. 15.

KING of KINGS and LORD of LORDS. *Rev.* xix. 16. HALLELUJAH!

SINCE by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. 1 *Cor.* xv. 21, 22.

BUT thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 *Cor.* xv. 47.

WORTHY is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God, by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing, honour, glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the LAMB, for ever and ever. AMEN. *Rev.* v. 12, 13.

FINIS.

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FINIS.